

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

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FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895.

[ONE PENNY.]



GRACE AND DISGRACE AT CLACTON.

"Although at one period inseparable friends, Dr. W. G. Grace is now, I understand, roaming England over in search of my unfortunate Dad. When the great men 'do' meet, I am afraid the shock will be one from which Papa will not easily recover. Taking advantage of the National Testimonial organised for the benefit of the great cricketer, Poor Pa, it seems, has been passing himself off as the one and only Dr. Grace. His disguise, though, turned out to be an utter failure, the whole collection only amounting to three cockle shells and a frog. His departure from Clacton was both hasty and undignified."—TOURIST.

GENERAL ELECTION HINTS.



(1) It is absurd to waste words upon a political opponent when a full-blown and well-aimed egg would be so effectively for itself.



(2) And how who it is to give you your vote and interest to who you are to give it to. You make no mention, besides pouring the truth of the present poverty.



(3) The patient who would accept a letter is unworthy the name of Englishman. But if you are poor, and say truth should be left on your doorstep—well!

HANDSOME TOM COX.

One of Captain Johnson's heroes is Thomas Cox, who was hanged at Tyburn one sunny June day in 1693, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

Handsome Tom Cox was the youngest son of a gentleman of Handford, in Dorset, and his father left him "a comfortable patrimony, which he soon consumed in riotous living." He then came up to London, fell in with a gang of highwaymen, and took to the road, in order to support himself in his dissolute course of life. He was three times tried for his life, but contrived to keep his neck out of the noose. After his third escape, we are told, "a young lady fell in love with him, he being a very handsome man, and she went so far as to communicate her passion, and almost made him a direct offer of herself and £1000." Cox married her, spent all her money, broke the young lady's heart by his ill-nature, and took again to his old course. He had yet to be tried a fourth time, with fatal result.

Among the many recorded highway robberies committed by this rascal a few may be briefly noted. One day he met with Killmore, Charles II.'s doctor, and ordered him to deliver "Am you in earnest, friend?" asked the doctor. "Yes, by Heaven I am; for though you can live by robbery, I can't."

Taken in custody in Somersetshire, he was locked up in Hinchester Gaol. He broke out of his ward into the keeper's apartment, who, as good luck would have it, had been

drank over night, and was now in a profound sleep. It was a moonlight night, and Cox saw a silver tankard and the keys upon the table. He took hold, he made out into the street, leaving all doors open behind him, and into a stable and next door, stole a horse, saddle and bridle, and the tankard he sold for ten pounds.

"On one occasion he formed a project of robbing a nobleman, well attended, who was travelling the kingdom. Tom assaulted himself with this nobleman on the road, and killed him, as they passed along, of the adventures he met with. They had not gone many miles together before some of Tom's accomplices came up and bade them to stand, but immediately fell upon Tom's falling out a pistol, and making a sounding bluster, and the nobleman attributed his delivery to the hands of his companion.

The nobleman, after this, became very anxious with Cox. They put up at the same hotel, dined together, and received next day, introduced by servants, to take a ride in the country round the town in which they were staying. About noon, they came to a convenient place, where Cox suddenly threw off the mask, and commanded his companion to deliver his money. "It is a devilish lonely country here," said the nobleman; "but I can find no danger in your company—put your horse on a side-saddle, and let me see your pistols." In the name of Satan," responded Cox, "I hope you don't think I have kept your company all this time for the pleasure of it," upon which he pulled out a pistol, "seizing and seizing like a soldier."

"Filled with astonishment and confusion," we are told, "our nobleman delivered a diamond ring, a gold watch, and near a hundred guineas in money, starting to Tom's face with much gravity. To prevent a sudden pursuit, Tom then dismounted his companion, bound him hand and foot, and killed his horse, according to the custom of experienced highwaymen, taking his leave with a sneer, and 'Good-bye, fellow traveller, till I meet you again.'"

"When Cox was taken prisoner for the last time and hung into Newgate, he lived till the session in an extravagant manner, being very full of money." Brought at last to the fatal "Tree," where Mr. Smith, the executioner, asked him, a few moments before he was turned off, whether he would join with his fellow associates in prayer, "Damn you, no!" said he, and kicked both ordinary and extraordinary out of the cart.

(Next week, "Albert Smith and Jerry Abernethy.")

BAE GARDENING.

We are still on the road, and it is a little proper. A roof is a beautiful plan with four walls.

We shall knock out the dirt.

(Next week, The downy. Order early of your messenger, as a rule to insurance.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Correspondents wishing their MSS or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Most delighted, ARTHUR HEMER: Many thanks for cheerful note. Cannot tell you, R. B. STACEY, if it is ages since he wrote. Just a few, my friend, HERRARD. At present, as C. B. BERRY, letter on a lawyer, CHIDDESE, if you said it in a letter. Every day on a lawyer, HERRARD. It's a matter for the Court. And I shall have to find carefully, then the court will have to find. HERRARD, get the paper, SUBSCRIBER. Many thanks, though all the same. You of course, a friend, a friend, for the court, we are working hard. Much obliged for note, CHAMBERLAIN, I shall take the place you wish. Do not trust them, CAUTIOUS READER, They are always ready to go.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

At Dover.

First Duty Little Darling. The only thing I don't like about bathing is that I get my hair in wet. Second Duty Little Darling. Oh, I never have any bother with my hair, but. Third Duty Little Darling. No, dear; but then, you see, I can't leave mine in the machine. [And then—well, what do you think?]

Fourth Duty Little Darling. There is nothing so beautiful in London as when the sun shines directly over the top of St. James's Column. Fifth, who is not in the pain, says, that it only reminds him of fighting a fellow gentle with a fox.

Disappointed were all his aims and ends, As he consumes the stubble. "My heart is crushed," he told his friends, "And in drink I'll drown my trouble!" But the drink to a dandier drowning gone From the latest art.

And up from the lake they dragged his frame, For, in drink, he had drowned himself!

Owner of Semi-detached Villa. I'm just thought of a magnificent way to pay out that silly old beat dog. "Well, have you, dear?" "I'm so glad," the bored wretch has been making himself more objectionable than ever. What's your plan?

Owner of Semi-detached Villa. Very simple, dear. I'm going to give the front of our house a fresh coat of paint, and his place will look silly directly.



Brooklyn. Thank you, dear boy! I wish I was; why I'm harder up than you. Friend, Well, you see, that diamond pin of yours— Brooklyn. Is just what's been my ruin. Someone made me a present of the dashed thing, and I've been trying to live up to it. Was it altogether right of dear old ALIX to suppose that that noble business was called the laundress' list because some of the Bess and Gipsies is sold at the bar there in the royal way, but all in full pinks!

Meter. You really ought to speak seriously to Arthur, my dear; he's getting more off-hand and impulsive every day. Peter. Ever dear, think of checking him, my love; it's such a necessary qualification. Meter. Unquestioned. Peter. Yes, I'm going to get him into the Civil Service.

TRAGEDIAN TIME as a fact. Indicates that it delights him (most or any side he takes) to see Prince Hamlet's fat boy's ghost. "No convincing insults then they roar. With deafening cheers they read the air: They know I'm not, by many a score, The only DEADHEAD there!"

Crowley. What's the trouble at home, old man? Fawcett. With the mouse. Crowder. Oh, I internal? Fawcett. No, external. Crowder. How? Fawcett. Why, the mouse wants a new dress, and I can't afford it.

First Cooksman. Babely's was a very fashionable marriage, wasn't it? Second Little. Oh, very. The bride was a woman with a post.

"WHAT would you see Mr. Smith, would be a nice holidayman please." Now Mrs. Smith overboard this, and she translated it into fine and dandy, the domo or comely good garden young woman. "As if his own lawful wife wasn't good enough for him," said she, "it's a signal between that beastly chemist and him. Crown of tartar, too—there's another one for you!"

Manager. Trouble your salary? Great Garrick! Why it's all I can do to meet the expenses now. Leading Lady. Keep your hair on, old chap; my divorce case is moving on next week, and if that don't draw me I'll never wear tights again.

Friend. There, there, I've promised you a new dress the moment I can afford it; now be satisfied, and settle what style you'll have it made in. Wife. What's the use of that, I should like to know? All the present fashions will be as old as the hills by the time I get it.

Wife. I can't understand a fellow like Muggly at all; he says he could never get pleasure of the wife in the morning; you wait till you see Mrs. Muggly.

THERE lived a maiden on a hill— I know, though somewhat old, woman; I've decided long ago, her soul would all be in the sky, you called "an (a) girl woman." There lived a maiden on a hill— A grand and lovely young woman; But her eternal knot, you'd say. If her soul called "a girl woman." Which samples show how fast will vex the sex, If there's no Fatality you meet!

Myself. I understand that Mr. Blunson called yesterday, and you told him that I was out. Remember, in future, that I am always at home to him.

Mr. Blunson. Mr. Jones is in. Myself. Yes, sir; walk in. Mr. Blunson. Where is he? Myself. Oh, well, sir, I'm rather thick he's gone to the theatre, but he said, as how he was always in to you, so may be you'll find him about the house somewhere.

So it. I don't wonder that that young Italian Artist, Antonicio, has any taste at all. Brown. The device you don't! Judging by the smell of perfum which hangs around him, I should say he had a very strong taste.

Charlie. Just not Harry. Jack. Oh, indeed? Was he going to the office? Charlie. I shouldn't think so. He was running.

Slyer. I've just sent a £5 note to the Charing Cross Hospital. Trement. Really? To what? Slyer. To see how he was robbing, isn't it?

Lewson. You ought to wear a scarf. Lewson. I've tried it, but it's no good. In fact, it only seems to make me more thirsty.

Dret. It ain't much of a dinner, old man; but of course the nervous didn't know you were coming, so you must make allowances. Guest. Don't mention it, dear boy, I often dine at home myself.

SKIP-deep is Beauty, so I've heard— Skin-deep, and nothing more; Yet I can scarce believe that word Of old proverbial lore. Skip-deep is Beauty? If 'twere so, Skin-deep were Beauty's dart; Yet scores of lovers walk with love, 'Till Beauty perishes by wear!

Wenge. I saw old Blunson the other day; you remember him, of course, don't you? Wenge. Oh, yes. What he's doing now? Wenge. Keeping a nursery.

Wenge. Really, I didn't think he knew much about horticulture. Wenge. He doesn't; it's only to him he's got it at present, but he lives in hopes.

The Men (who is always discovering themselves to well-known friends). I see, Timmons, who does your hair? I see you go to Timmons. As a rule, he remains on of the good young clerk who did not get drunk, smokes, very sleep, and eventually becomes Lord Mayor of London.

READ THE NEW SERIAL,
WITH THE COLOURS;
OR RED JACKETS AND BLUE APPRENTICES.
LARKS!
ONE HALFPENNY. ONE HALFPENNY.



Egg & Harrow

"THE QUEEN'S" FIRST STAGE.



Lewis & Boddley.



A.A.C.



Law-breakers.



Foolish Firemen.



The Prince & The Puppies

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, ladies and gentlemen, still alive and kicking. The host has no detrimental effect upon me. I revel in it, in fact. Heaps of people are asking me whether it isn't time I took a holiday. Certainly not. Holidays are altogether out of my line. On we go—A well-fought match, we must admit, The laurel goes to those most fit.—The gallant English took the cake, and made all other countries quake.—Two 'silly' evaded without fight, find themselves in awkward

plight.—A gallant fight for splendid prize, A prize which no one can despise.—At Wimbledon our tennis cranks show that of skill they are not lacking.—A grand review. Without a doubt, Our forces have what they're about.—But show I'm sure was of the best, Quite worthy of the noble quest.—As Buxley and the General Election are the principal topics of the day, I have included them both in my centre illustration.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

EASILY EXPLAINED.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

Any Thing, Is this the way to the top of the hill?
Any Thing, No, no, straight along the road, but if I was you
with such a pair of wings as these, I wouldn't go by road!



"Excuse me, young person, but are you when I am a member of the London County Council?"



HAPPY THOUGHT.

"But what makes you think she was into money?" "Well, dear, they said she was rich. Now they say she's 'slightly' unaccountable."

Charles. I say, I thought Mrs. Larkspur was a widow. Why, she had got pink roses in her bosom this afternoon.
Dolly. She is a widow, only she has picked up the words and jumbled them instead.

How to dispose of our house-pets when we go to the sea? I got Providence (that was not it) of the Fishermen Association to put them all into a terrace for six weeks.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A GOOD REASON.



No. 361—MR. ROBERT GANTOBY, F.O.S.

"It is in the most desolating terms that we beg to direct attention to the portrait of the isolated individual whose features this week adorn our Gallery. For if you are moved by the devotion we see in happy to confer upon him, that man is undoubtedly Robert, as those who are privileged to have him, or have had the good fortune to be present when he has given an exhibition of his talents, will readily admit, for Robert is a prince of entertainers. It was no question of struggling into fame with him, like the poor criminal, with one bound he reached the highest stage upon the literary ladder, and has since then never been down. He is now the successful Mr. Gantoby and the distinguished party in their recent cruise aboard the *Proctor* (which was just the best of everything) and many and many are the good wishes for his success that will accompany him on his forthcoming tour in South Africa. (Carey because he's an excellent entertainer, he was created F.O.S., and the "Home Street of March" presented to him before the 18th, 1886.)—Robert Gantoby.



"Would you like me to marry you when you grow older, Tommy?" "Yes." "You wish?" "Yes, MOTHER!"



CROWDED OUT.

Marriage, Goodbye, Birmingham, six feet from, I've closed off to Marjorie for no reason.

Birmingham, She says better have said some better, as you will see that soon.



HYMNS AND HERB—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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"Hello, Dick! come and have a bath?" "Dare not, old man." "Why not?" "My intended is staying over there, and I can assure you that if she becomes aware that my cat's are pulled she will pin me instantly."

A BIT ROCKY.



(1) "What now, Mister Armer? Won't a heap of rock to stick up in your stable to point from in a power? Leave it to me! I'll get a nice piece of India stone, worth five or six shillings."

(2) "Yes it is, but I've took the corner off a lot of rock in this ship-shape, so you don't get too many lumps about it."

(3) "What say, Mister? Won't a heap of rock? Ah! that depends upon what kind of rock you mean."



(4) "Doubt, when I've my old-level one it not get it square off, just as much. You have it all to do, I'm a knowing one, I am."



(5) "Thunder!— (Language!)"



(6) "Did I ever leave it all to me? Yes, of course I did! But why the deuce didn't you tell me your piece wasn't so good?"

CONSOLATION.



Mrs. Mervin. Oh, my poor Patrick! why did he do it? Mrs. O'Malley. But it's all for the best, my darling! you dear husband has some piece of jade."

A CHILD OF NATURE.



Joe. I was born a poet, not a poor brother. Nature made me a real man. I can't help it. Father. Well, the glad you don't blame me."

GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.



This was one of Billy's worst moments, and he got on especially well for, and he found cause to leave from London, and then, at the very end, the Housewife was "off, right off."